UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Where Loyalty Leaves Off

By ALSON H. ROBINSON

A Passion Week Reflection

By SYDNEY STRONG

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part IV, Chapters XXIX and XXX

By M. K. GANDHI

The Youth Movement in Germany

By JOHANNES KLEIN

VOLUME CI NUMBER 6

Chicago, April 9, 1928

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

(Established 1878)

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

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Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

ROBERT COLLYER, Chicago. WM. C. GANNETT, St. Paul.
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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 85 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROBBINS, 85 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
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UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

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A Journal of the Religion of Democracy

Editors:

John Haynes Holmes — Francis Neilson
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700 Oakwood Boulevard **CHICAGO**

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CI MONDAY, APRIL 9, 1928 NUMBER 6

TO THOSE WHO MOURN
(An Easter Message)

There is never a human heart
That at sometime does not need the comfort
Of remembering how great and wise,
How beautiful and true are the ways of life.
If we have faith in life,
Seeing with understanding heart how perfect are its laws,
The thought of death links itself with the thought of birth,
And we welcome the one as we welcome the other.

When we mourn the going from us of our loved ones
We forget the universal need in our sense of personal loss.
We lose for a time our clearness of vision,
And it seems that the very sunlight mocks our grief.
Beneath the overwhelming sorrow that has come to us
we are blinded.
We wonder how the world can go on singing its careless
song.
How can there be so much happiness
With death always brooding close?

Because of our temporary unreason
It seems there is no reason anywhere.
Our happy summer is ended and winter is in our heart.
We stand like forest trees stripped of their leaves,
Stark and bare we shiver in the beating wind,
Our very sap gone from us—we seem numb and dead.
Yet is this numbness of mind for us truly a blessed
nepenthe—
And even as we weep the eyes of our mind become clear.

In the world there is always the fellowship of sorrow
From which no one who is truly wise
Can ever wish to be excluded.
Reflection tells us that there is no profit for the soul
In the gratification of selfish desire.
It is by the contemplation of what is best for all life
That we learn to know what is best for ourselves.

Consider, then, O, Bereaved One!
How fearful a thing life would be without death.
If immortality of the body had been the law of life,
If nothing or no one who had ever lived
Had ever died or could ever die,
How soon the earth would have been filled to its limit.
And without its never failing tide of new life ever flooding
the world
How soon stagnation and utter weariness of being
Would render life intolerable.

The world requires continual renewing;
The race must be reborn;
Youth must take the place of age;
Life must go forward with freshness of spirit;
A new mind, a new purpose forever rejuvenating the world!
And this most surely could not be
Were it not for the benignant hand of death.

We have reason to rejoice that our understanding
Has yet to aspire toward such far reaches of the unattained.
Life is not (fortunately for us), of so trivial a nature
That our poor estimate of it can suffice.
We are children in spirit, and to our immature mind
Only fragments of truth and fleeting glimpses of beauty are
perceptible.
How often an object that is beautiful
Casts a monstrous shadow!
Even so to our clouded vision death wears an ugly face.

Do we not with gladness of heart accept life?
Do we not find the universe complete?
Are we not satisfied that to obey Nature is to live in safety?
If we understood the meanings of the things about us
Can we doubt that they would be beautiful?
Is there not a satisfying wisdom and goodness
In the processes of birth and growth?
Does not the earth provide for us—
Food, not only for our bodies, but for mind and heart as
well?
Is not the companionship of loved ones
And the fellowship of friends
A proof of the goodness of life?
Are not our children, in their trustful reliance upon us,
Even as we should be in our reliance
Upon the unity of all being?

Beloved! since that little which is already known to us
Is so precious, so full of beauty and truth,
How can we regard with distrust and fear
That so much vaster realm of truth
Which we have yet to explore?

Verily, it is reasonable to believe,
That the greatest of all adventures lie before us.
This Mind of Man in its highest reaches,
In its joyous response to life, in its hunger for truth,
In its exultant love of beauty—
This Mind of Man contains within it unrealized creative
powers.
All it has achieved is the promise of greater achievement.
It is not a candle-light to be blown out, to be lost in
darkness.
There is being generated within us
That which has power to lay hold upon eternity.
What glows and glimmers so feebly now within the Mind
of Man
Was kindled by the One Eternal Flame.
Beyond realms known to us are realms unknown.
Marvelous beyond measure have been the unfolding
processes
Of our beginning—endless beginnings!
No less marvelous are to be the processes of our
continuance—endless continuance!!!

Let us admonish one another
That we give our best thought
Unto the manner of our living
That those who are dear unto us
May find only beautiful memories in their heart when we
are gone!

Let us admit to our mind only the highest desire!
Let us entertain only the noblest belief!
Let us so venerate the beauty and truth to which we have
already attained
That there may open before us the ever more glorious
vistas!
In our love for those nearest and dearest to us
Let us seek the ever-widening vision, the ever-deepening
understanding,
That all the world shall become to us as our very soul!
That we may learn to know and feel the life universal—
The love universal!

Not in our personal pretensions are we immortal,
But in our surrender to the beauty and truth of all life.

Let this be our resurrection:
That from the mortality of a separate existence,
From all that is merely selfish,
We are to be raised to the immortality of universal love!

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

Senator Nye has been soundly trounced for his public announcement that he was on the trail of the late President Harding in connection with the oil scandals. Partisan and even non-partisan newspapers, glad of any excuse to turn public attention away from the hard-pressed Republican party, have taken delight in pitching into the North Dakota Senator as though the main business of the hour was to expose the investigators of Sinclair and his fellow-bandits rather than these bandits themselves. We cannot for the life of us see that Senator Nye was guilty of any impropriety. For months now, indeed for years, Mr. Harding's name has been bandied about in private conversation in connection with the oil scandals. Ever since the talk began about the guilty parties "higher-up," private if not public discussion has named the name of Harding as the individual suspected. So Senator Nye was only speaking aloud what everybody has been speaking under his breath. Such an action makes for public honesty and we are glad that the Senator said exactly what he did. On the other hand, however, we cannot see what Senator Nye expects to gain by prying into the Harding estate in Marion and examining the securities there. Is he innocent enough to believe that after all this time some of the oily Liberty Bonds might be found there? Are there not a thousand ways of covering up this trail, and is it not to be supposed that one of these ways has long since been successfully resorted to? To go to Marion and say that President Harding has been proved innocent because no suspicious securities were found in the strong box is like saying that a man suspected of a burglary is innocent because no loot is found in his room. Senator Nye and his committee might make out a perfectly clean case for Harding in their Marion investigation, but we would remain unconvinced, and we believe that the public would remain unconvinced, by such procedure. A more sensible and vigorous examination of this question must be made if the ugly ghost of Presidential guilt is ever to be laid.

We have never thought very highly of the race-track, or of the men and women who frequent it. Horse-racing may be "the sport of kings," but this fact has always condemned rather than commended it in our eyes, as kings have never been popular with us. We remember the day, 'way back in the Hughes administration in New York, when the Governor was fighting race-track gambling, when we went to the races with a friend and saw how the law was evaded. We have never forgotten on the one hand the horrid spectacle of the rough-necks who haunted the betting arena, and on the other hand the amazing display of silly empty-headedness which crowded the grand-stands. From that moment on we have had the conviction that the race-track crowd is the one most conspicuous crowd of undesirables in this and every other country. And yet it is this crowd—this gang, as we would have called them a few days ago—which has cast out the oil-stained Harry F. Sinclair! The Maryland Racing Commission, so we read, has voted unanimously that, "in view of the widespread adverse criticism . . . . regarding the actions of Mr. Harry F. Sinclair, the commission deems it advisable . . . . not to permit the starting of any horse owned by, or to be run in the name of Mr. Sinclair." What politicians and business men and clubmen, in other words, have not found it advisable or necessary to do, the racing folk have done. Financiers and society leaders can associate with this moral leper, but jockeys and "toots" cannot. Verily, verily, this horse-racing game is more respectable than we had thought it was. We feel challenged to revise our long-standing indictment of the horse and his backers. One section of the American public at least is waking up. We are frankly surprised that it should be this particular section, but any section will serve. The main thing is to get this man, Sinclair, classified for what he is—a disreputable with whom no decent man or woman will associate. While Jesus was healing lepers and pardoning prostitutes, he turned flatly away from men of the Sinclair type. The Nazarene's example is a good one.

We are finding it harder and harder to discover where this Nicaraguan policy of the administration is coming out. All talk of our being in Nicaragua to supervise and guarantee an honest election has of course been made ridiculous by the action of the Nicaraguan assembly in rejecting the bill providing for elections in accordance with the Stimson agreement. This agreement, the charter of everything we have been doing in recent months, is now only "a scrap of paper." If we go ahead with the elections, the Conservatives won't play, and the government chosen, therefore, will last only as long as we stand guard. Meanwhile, and all the time, Sandino is in the bush, reproducing more precisely every day the parallel with Washington and the Trenton campaign. A few weeks now and the rainy season will be on, and all hope of bagging the "bandit" will be gone until next winter. It's a lovely situation, isn't it—with another story of dead marines likely to be reported to Washington any hour? How Coolidge must love himself and his subordinates for ever getting into this horrid mess! About as much, we imagine, as Woodrow Wilson loved himself for getting into the Vera Cruz mess! The outcome of this latter affair, by the way, may very well be a prophecy as to the outcome of the Niacaraguan business. It will be remembered that we occupied Vera Cruz and surrounding country because the flag was insulted, and we declared that we were going to stay until the flag was saluted in token of repentance and reparation. Well, we stayed, and shot up the inhabitants, and lost some of our

marines. But nothing came of it all. The flag was never saluted. So with Niacaragua! It's silly, futile, as well as bloody business, and nothing will ever come of it. Eventually we will have to throw up our hands, and give up. Eventually!—why not now?

Speaking as a philosopher, Will Durant raises the question whether progress is real. Viewing the political landscape o'er, the disillusioned observer is inclined to join in the query. The vista changes. Sometimes it is more pleasing than at other times. Are the changes merely cyclic? Do the seasons in ethics and social status and political bunkum roll 'round without perceptibly rolling on? We do not believe it. At least we do not believe it is necessary. We believe there may be social progress if we want it. But it takes a robust faith to sustain us. The doubt whether we want to make progress perpetually assails. The city of Seattle seemed to have come to a degree of self-respect in placing a cultured and efficient woman into the office of Mayor. She is voted out, hard and flat, after one short term. Perhaps she fell short of expectations in executive ability, even in potent righteousness. But what seems to have happened is that Seattle got tired of being respectable, and deliberately lapsed into its all too-prevailing political swinishness. We cannot forget the antics of other American cities. None of them seems capable of sustained virtue. The debauch of New York throughout the two Hylan terms, following the high level of probity and efficiency in the Mitchell regime, is a memory all too vivid. The return of "Big Bill" in Chicago after the brief spasm of civic self-respect following his former administrations is no surprising phenomenon, however painful. What is the matter, and what is to be learned? To abandon all hope of progress we refuse. To hope that progress can be made by spasms, even of the purest virtue, seems fatuous. The lesson to be learned would seem to be obvious: hold on with unflinching devotion to the sure vantage which has been gained. Re-read history more diligently, and more intelligently. We are making progress, even ethical and political progress. There will never be another Tweed regime in any American city.

We wonder what Nancy Miller thinks of her escapade by this time. Does she pine for home and mother, or can she maintain the role of heroine when she looks into her mirror in the seclusion of her strange boudoir? We assume that our readers have memories keen enough and long enough to remember who Nancy Miller is, or was. We do not undertake to record her present names. She is the young woman from Seattle, Washington, who a while ago went to India to be inducted into orthodox Hinduism, into the proper caste, into the royal circle, and finally to assume the vows of marriage to the former Maharajah of Indore. We wonder whether this sort of thing is necessary. Will the universal human brotherhood be established through the swapping of flubdubberies? If this young woman's nervous organism survives the ordeal through which she has gone and must still go, we shall be enormously surprised. Rather, the next news to be expected is a rupture of the newly assumed religious and domestic relations, or a breakdown which will call for the expert services of a psychiatrist. Hinduism is in many ways a beautiful cult; its ideals are high; the symbolism of the weeks-long and months-long ceremonies through which this young woman was put may be spiritually attractive to those who contemplate them impartially, but the hope of the commonwealth of man certainly cannot lie in such performances as these. "Rice Christians" are Hindu or Confucian converts to Christianity who look to the Christian missionaries to supply them food. One wonders what sort of Hindu this young woman might properly be called. How genuinely has she been won by the beautiful truths of the ancient Hindu cult? How sound is her conversion to the faith? Out of India the world has reason to hope for a flaming light which will illumine for all men the way of truth, but the most visionful must question whether this young adventuress has seen the light and is walking in it. When the true light shines it will illumine all men, and it will make the way so plain that the simplest may walk therein without adventuring afield.

March 26th last marked the 60th birthday of Maxim Gorki, and the 35th anniversary of the beginning of the literary activities of this great author. The occasion was noted by the entire daily and periodical press of Soviet Russia as well as by the various scientific and cultural bodies in that Republic. The New York *Russky Golos,* the largest Russian daily newspaper outside the Soviet Union, devoted its entire issue on Sunday, March 25th, to the life and writings of Gorki. To the great man himself now sojourning in Italy was sent a cablegram of felicitation, signed by a long list of distinguished American leaders in letters, arts and religion. We are glad to have this opportunity of hailing while he is still alive and in the full flower of his strength a creative genius of the first order. More than any other man now living, Maxim Gorki has maintained the great tradition of Russian literature. His novels and biographical writings match the greatest masterpieces of Dostoievski, Tolstoy, and Checkhov. But Gorki is not only a writer of the first order of importance, he is also a great prophet of a new and freer life for men. He was tested to the uttermost by the Russian Revolution and, unlike many another intellectual, he was not found wanting. He could not give his approval to all of the policies of the Bolsheviks and more than once has been outspoken in his condemnation of

their excesses. But he has always seen with a single eye the one important point—that the freedom of the new Russia of the future is coincident with the success of the Bolshevik Russia of the present. He has therefore been one of the most vital forces in Russia today, an illustrious and faithful champion of that country's promise of nobler life for men. UNITY joins with all men everywhere in extending hearty and sincere wishes to Maxim Gorki for many more happy and fruitful years to come.

Where Loyalty Leaves Off

When on the 21st of February Justice Frederick L. Siddons of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia adjudged Harry F. Sinclair, William J. Burns, and others guilty of contempt of court his court decision marked not alone an important turning point in what is doubtless the most notorious and ill-smelling scandal in the history of American politics; it also threw interesting light upon the processes of the judicial mind. As one after another these economic soldiers of fortune were brought into the center of the stage their personal idiosyncrasies were seen for the moment in boldest outline. Concerning one of them, the New York *Times* has the following record:

"It was Henry Mason Day's turn next. There was no trembling on the part of Day. Six feet in height, straight as an Indian and built like an all-American football tackle, he was the most composed man in the room. Justice Siddons asked Day what he had to say. In a clear voice he made reply:

"'I was associated with a man who tried to protect his interests. What I did was to do what I could to help him. It was the carrying out of loyalty in friendship and association.'"

"Yes," replied Justice Siddons, "Loyalty is a virtue. But, Mr. Day, you showed loyalty to a friend greater than your loyalty to the law."

One is not inclined to criticize Mr. Day. Obviously he was merely a tool in the transactions, although he occupied an office with a very high sounding title. Such persons are not inclined to care much about ethical theory, nor are they as a rule endowed with the sort of intelligence or discrimination which would enable them to see when there was harmony or disharmony between theory and practice. But it is different with a judge of one of the highest courts of the land.

When the judge accepted Mr. Day's use of the word loyalty as applied to his association with the men who had shadowed the members of the jury he was accepting a debased and counterfeit interpretation, for which there can be no justification whatever. When a judge will so dignify association in a gang of thieves and perjurers with the use of the word loyalty, contrasting it as merely something lower in the scale than one's loyalty to the law, one is compelled to wonder whether such an official is altogether clear regarding what is meant by loyalty even to the law; and whether he really prizes that as something to be desired. The first reaction of a person who cares for distinctions is to ask, "What's the use?"

There is a well known principle in economics known as Gresham's law:

When two sorts of coin are current in the same nation, of like value by denomination, but not intrinsically, that which has the least value will be current and the other as much as possible will be hoarded.

Put more popularly, though not quite accurately, such a law points to the tendency of bad money to drive out good money. That financial matters do actually work out that way enormous numbers of persons found to their sorrow during the piping days of inflation just after the war. The analogy has something of carrying power in the field of moral relations. If any gang of thieves or cutthroats can justify their anti-social association as between one individual and another on the basis of personal loyalty, and get this interpretation blessed by an officer of the law a lot of persons to whom differences count are likely to look rather ruefully upon their hard earned laurels in sticking to distinctions. When the judge of an important court can concede the loyalty of Burns, Sinclair, and Day, one is led to ask the question, "Where then shall treason be found, and where is the place of perfidy?"

When words take on such a variety of confused and contradictory meaning as this the time has appropriately arrived for somebody to make distinctions in the field of ideas and to clarify the meaning of words. Manifestly this particular jurist has failed at this point. We shall have to turn to the philosopher. Many years ago Prof. Josiah Royce in a book entitled "The Philosophy of Loyalty," which still stands as a beacon light to those who care for clearness of definition, pointed out that loyalty in its inmost spirit is the heart of all the virtues, the central duty amongst all duties. Such supremacy would doubtless be conceded without argument and is probably one of the reasons why even criminals desire to gather under its banner. Royce pointed out that loyalty means "the willing and practical and thoroughgoing devotion to a cause." But when a cause has to live by the breaking down of some other person's loyalty, as in this case, by the appropriation of the natural resources of all the people, and by interference with the usual and accepted processes of the law, it is hard to see how language means anything at all when it calls this sort of thing a cause. In his great work Royce made all this clear in his generation in telling application to some of the problems of American life uppermost in the minds of the people of his day. But in this as in so many other matters the whole thing has to be gone over anew from time to time. It is a good thing, therefore, to appeal to your philosopher.

His judgment, as commonly observed, will bake no bread; but he can make distinctions, and a person who makes distinctions, who thinks himself thorough, makes fewer mistakes on the whole, and ultimately has less to regret than one who does not.

It is hardly necessary to associate an anti-social group with so fine a concept as the word loyalty conveys in order to point out that there are varying degrees of intensity in such a matter and that life at its highest is forever beset by conflicts and choices which call for a real judgment and real sacrifice. It may be a far cry from Abraham facing a choice between loyalty to a presumed religious ordinance and the claims of family affection, or of Antigone choosing between the decrees of the king and private piety, down to this present day when many an underpaid college professor faces the dilemma of loyalty to his profession and poverty as over against loyalty to his family and the commercialization of his talents.

Efforts to resolve such conflicts are by no means easy. It used to be thought that the moral law would settle it. It would, of course, be much simpler in the case of Christianity if Jesus had laid down certain rules whereby we should know exactly when one should leave his dead to bury their dead, and when to engage upon the more vital task of educating judges, and the rest, into the necessity of making distinctions. Unfortunately, one turns the pages of the New Testament in vain for direction in any such situation. The cultivation of moral intelligence would help a great deal in the solution of our conflicts. Perhaps there wouldn't be so many of these conflicts if there were a keener sense of reality in the tasks upon which many persons are engaged. What a lot of these fellows need is a job which is worthy of their loyalty. Shadowing juries, and draining off the oil reserves are not jobs to arouse loyalty in any self-respecting man. Loyalty leaves off when men are associated under these conditions. It needs to be called by another name.

ALSON H. ROBINSON.

Jottings

Ridicule of the Senate and of Senators goes right on. But the next time you are asked to join in the laugh, just remember that it is the Senate which passed the Muscles Shoals bill protecting that valuable public property from private possession and exploitation, and that it is the Senate that will emasculate the navy bill. It is also the Senate, please note, which uncovered and is still uncovering the oil iniquities.

Some of our friends cannot understand how the Coolidge administration can be urging the Outlawry of War and a big navy at one and the same time. That's easy! Disarmament will come *after* war is gotten rid of, and not before. To talk about disarmament under the existing war system is simply so much wasted breath. Give us Outlawry, is the administration position; then, *and then only,* can we discuss disarmament.

"The people on Broadway," said Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, in a sermon commemorating his thirtieth anniversary as minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, "are better than they are painted." We don't know how this applies to the men, but we devoutly hope it is true of the women. For if women are not better than most of them are "painted," woe be unto us!

The Zagreb *Koprive* publishes a cartoon showing Hungary standing before Uncle Sam begging for a loan. Underneath the picture runs this legend:

Hungary: "Robbed, annihilated, starving Hungary begs for a small loan of dollars."
Uncle Sam: "To buy bread?"
Hungary: "No, a revolver."

Here, in this cartoon, is the whole and perfect answer to the plea for the cancellation of the Allies' debts. France and Italy seek to get rid of obligations not because they are poor, but because they want arms.

Tom Wise, the late actor, accomplished only one wife, with whom he lived for thirty-five years. That isn't much of a record in a profession where two or three wives (or husbands) are the rule, and four or five no very great exception. What was the matter with Tom Wise? Is it possible that he was actually decent?

Litvinov, the Soviet delegate, achieved little at the meetings of the Disarmament Commission at Geneva. But how could he? How much would a Prohibitionist achieve at a brewers' convention?

J. H. H.

The Skeptic Speaks

Why should you claim your faith is more than mine
Because you think He turned the water into wine?
Because of His great deeds you bow before the Son
But I should love Him had He not performed a one.

KENNETH W. PORTER

American Notes—In New York

[*A Passion Week Reflection*]

I What I Heard at the Meeting—1928, A. D.

No problem is modern. It runs its roots further back than the eye can reach. While the members of the League to Abolish Capital Punishment (104 Fifth Avenue, New York City) tell you that theirs is one of "the most important problems of modern days" they are but partly right. It was a problem that the Church and State had to face, in Jerusalem, 1900 years ago.

What to do with the man, or woman, who has been "judged worthy of death."

It was this question stirring in my heart that drew me, one night, to Hampden Theatre, 1887 Broadway. The exact date is not important—for, the question is perennial. I had learned that four men would speak frankly of the subject. They were men who knew, if any in the land knew. One had been for two years the warden of Sing Sing prison, the most famous, or infamous, prison in the land. The second was the present warden of Sing Sing, a position he has held for fourteen years, during which time he has executed 114 men and women. The third was a well-known lawyer of wide and varied experience. The fourth was the most celebrated criminal lawyer in the land, whose highest pleasure was found in "yanking men and women from the clutches of the executioners." Their names are George W. Kirchwey, Lewis E. Laws, Frank P. Walsh, and Clarence Darrow.

From my place in the upper gallery, I listened to what these voices of today had to say on this problem that goes back to Calvary—and beyond. What to do with "those judged worthy of death."

The greatest spirits of all time, as far back as Confucius and Buddha, have been opposed to capital punishment, (said George W. Kirchwey, lawyer, instructor of lawyers, two years warden of Sing Sing, of high intelligence and ideals, president of the League to Abolish Capital Punishment). Crime is not lessened, nor men deterred by it. The State that kills is worse than the individual who kills. To illustrate how callous the public is over criminals, let me say that Sing Sing has not in the slightest degree improved since it was built, 100 years ago.

Capital punishment is a crime. No one can be found to defend it, yet on it marches, (said Frank P. Walsh, lawyer, son of Ireland and the Catholic Church). Killing a criminal arises from revenge and cowardice. Lynching is more virtuous than capital punishment. Lynching—bad as it is—is only manslaughter, springing from ignorance and passion, while execution by the state is cold-blooded murder. One reason why capital punishment goes marching on is because the responsibility of performing it is shifted from one shoulder to another. "The buck is passed", all the way from the judge and governor to the executioner. There ought to be a law, requiring judge, jury, lawyer, governor, to witness the execution—the work of their hands.

Some compulsory thinking set in, up there in the gallery. I found the notice painted above my seat on the ceiling, "Whistling and Stamping Prohibited," blurred out with these other words, "Capital Punishment Prohibited," in their place.

Men get pleasure out of killing. We kill because we hate. (So said Clarence Darrow, prominent in the Dayton-Evolution trial, calling himself the "son of the village infidel" and yet giving an exquisite spiritual interpretation of capital punishment.) We kill because we hate. For example, we have been in a great war which was a debauch of killing. At first, we mobilized the professional liars—lawyers and clergymen. Our boys were not willing to run a bayonet through a German until they were taught to hate Germans. The same thing was done on the other side of the Rhine. Both sides lied. In a similar way, the public is trained to hate the murderer. We kill because we hate. As soon as a murder occurs, the papers start to peddle it, in such a way that the accused is condemned before he reaches the court room. If people would only quit judging (I thought of the Sermon on the Mount where it says "Judge not!") there might be some hope! Death is the first thing we think of when we hate somebody. We kill because we hate.

More than that, (continued Clarence Darrow,) murder is not one of the greatest crimes. Life-termers are usually exemplary in conduct. You can rarely cure a forger or a sneak thief. Often, it is the people who love each other—wives, husbands, lovers—who kill one another. . . . It is passing strange, how lightly people pass heavy punishments on others. . . . Criminal laws in the United States are more ferocious and barbarous than in other civilized lands. . . . We might follow England, in one respect. No English paper can comment on a case before it is consummated; yet our papers spread the news all over the land, until there has been worked up mountains of hatred, and a victim is demanded. This is the most ferocious country in the world. . . . The most dangerous offenders are not apprehended. . . . The chief crime is being poor. You don't hear of any rich man being executed.

The State kills in cold blood. The State tortures the victim, telling him (or her) just when, a month ahead, the burning or gassing, or choking is to occur. The victim goes to bed each night, with this "Day" mocking him, even in his dreams. The State, in capital punishment, descends to the worse feelings of the lowest animals. We kill because we hate. Even in the name of religion, and because of religion, men execute their fellowmen. They kill what they want out of sight, on the theory that dead men bother no more. Men like to see people suffer.

The words of Clarence Darrow, coming up over the heads of the people, in simple rugged language—the quality of humaneness, quite marked—stirred my thoughts and emotions into life; and the problem of capital punishment, that reaches *back to Calvary, and beyond. What to do with those who are "judged worthy of death" was racing for an answer.*

I have been warden of Sing Sing for fourteen years. (This is Lewis E. Laws speaking.) Within six days after my arrival as new warden, I was called upon to execute a man. During my term I have executed 114 people—men and women, some but boys. Some of them are religious, some not. One used to play the Ouija board. On the night I executed him, he said he would visit me the following night. One night I killed the father of some children whom I had put to bed with my own children a few hours before. . . . I am opposed to capital punishment for two reasons: first, it does not prevent crime, nor deter a possible murderer; second, murderers are not the worst offenders. There is, therefore, no special reason for picking them out for death. They are often the best men in prison. Nine out of ten murderers are first offenders.

More than this, I am opposed to capital punishment because it is a method of torture. The condemned is put in a "Death Cell." He is closely watched. No matches even are allowed him. He is treated as one who might commit suicide. He feels the oppressive atmosphere of the whole prison upon him. The day of doom hovers over him, day and night. Men sometimes go crazy under the strain of nervous waiting. . . . And, some of them are innocent! . . . People ask me if I am opposed to capital punishment, why I don't get out of Sing Sing. My answer is, that I prefer to stay in Sing Sing and put Capital Punishment out.

Strange scene! And dramatic, when Warden Laws turned and looked upon Clarence Darrow and said, "Here is the man who is doing more than any man in America to interfere with my work as executioner, by yanking the victims from the gallows—and, I want to say, that I admire him more than any man in the world!"

I thought, if I were Clarence Darrow, I'd choose these words to be carved on my monument.

What to do with those who "are judged worthy of death?" This was the question I carried with me as I went into the throng and passed down Broadway. These four voices had been of one accord for the abolition of capital punishment.

What I Read in My Room, a Story of 33 A. D.

After I had reached my room at the hotel, I turned to the story of the arrest, trial, and execution of Jesus, 1900 years ago—the man who is still first in the news. This is the story that forms the basis of countless sermons, services, songs, symbols—especially during the forty days from Ash Wednesday to Easter morning, that is the admitted rule and inspiration and authority for their conduct and thinking.

I was led to read because some spirit in the meeting had suggested the *Arrest, Trial and Death of Jesus as a case of Capital Punishment;* as a parallel of what was taking place in 1928, as described by the voices at Hampden Theatre—and his the case of one who was Innocent! And as I read on toward midnight, I began to note a strange vitality in the tale, of how the fears and hates, described by the speakers in the theatre, had operated with the same deadliness in Jerusalem as now in Sing Sing. I noted how a public opinion was created at first hostile, then deadly. I noted how forces usually hostile combined in opposition to him; how hatred passed into passion for death; how each sought to pass on the responsibility—to "wash my hands."

Here is what I read of the mobilization of false witnesses and union of forces generally hostile:

And the chief priests and the scribes and the principal men of the people sought to destroy him.

Then went the Pharisees, and took counsel how they might ensnare him in his talk so as to deliver him up to the rule and the authority of the governor.

Then were gathered together the chief priests, the elders of the people, unto the court of the high priest who was called Caiaphas; and they took counsel together that they might take Jesus subtly and kill him. . . . And Judas, one of the twelve, went away and communed with the chief priests and captains, how he might deliver him unto them. And they were glad, and they weighed unto him thirty pieces of silver. And from that time he sought opportunity to deliver him unto them in the absence of the multitudes.

I noted the shifting of responsibilities, as for example:

They led Jesus unto Pilate . . . and they themselves entered not into the Court-room lest they be defiled but might eat the Passover. . . . And Pilate went out to them and said, Take him and judge him according to your law. . . . They said unto him, it is not lawful for us to put any man to death. . . .

He went out again unto them and said, I find no crime in him.

And they were the more urgent.

And when Pilate heard that Jesus was of Herod's jurisdiction, he sent him unto Herod, who also was at Jerusalem in these days. . . .

And Herod (after scourging and mocking him) sent him back to Pilate.

And Herod and Pilate became friends with each other that very day; for before they were at enmity.

And later,

Pilate took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this righteous man; see ye to it.

And they were urgent with loud voices asking that he might be crucified. And their voices prevailed.

In all this I noted how propaganda and lying witnesses were preparing the public mind to demand nothing *short of the death penalty,* as again,

Now the whole council and the chief priests sought witness against Jesus to put him to death, and their witness agreed not together. . . .

And the high priest rent his clothes, and said what further need have we of witness? we have heard the blasphemy: what think you? And, they all condemned him to be *worthy of death.* . . . And they spit in his face and buffeted him.

And so, with the memory of the Hampden Theatre lingering in my mind, I read paragraph after paragraph of the ancient story that has held the imagination of mankind. I noted obvious parallels; also the modern elements that thrust themselves into the old narrative.

Upon this Pilate sought to release him, but they cried out, If you release this man, thou art not Caesar's friend.

When Pilate heard these words (Pilate, the politician is now awake) he brought Jesus out and seeing that he prevailed nothing, but rather that the tumult was arising, he took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this righteous man; see ye to it.

They took Jesus therefore: and he went out bearing the cross for himself. (More humiliation and torture—repeated throughout the execution.)

And there were also two others, convicts, led with him to be put to death.

And they crucified him and the others, one on the right hand and the other on the left.

And Jesus said, *Father, forgive them: for they know not what they do.*

This is the story of one who was *"judged worthy of death."* Priests, governors, kings, lawyers, merchants, soldiers, people—all participated. The judgment of the centuries is against their act.

They killed Jesus because they hated: because they were envious. They killed in a coward's way, hiding behind each other. Jerusalem and Rome joined in the crime. Pilate, Caiaphas, merchants, people—all took part. And, Jesus was *innocent.* Besides, they had no right—in their hate and passion—to take the life of a brother man. The centuries have revealed to mankind that this man who was "judged worthy of death" was a "son of God." He loved all men; and in his dying moments, he had nobility of mind to forgive.

And, I thought as I turned from the reading of the story, after all, the great reasons why man should not take the life of a fellow man lies in the fact that we are all sons of God,—and to forgive is the divine way to heal the wounds of mankind. Forgiveness is the cornerstone of justice. Probably, also, the cap-stone.

SYDNEY STRONG.

In Memoriam

Charles Fletcher Dole

He sought for truth as most men seek for gold,
Reporting well of it, and bade the wise
To set it like a lantern in their skies
To light the shadowed paths of young and old;
His vision overleapt the market place,
Discerning qualities in humankind
That whisper of divinity enshrined,
Transforming simple goodness into grace;
Himself devoted, brave and eloquent,
His ripest years undauntedly he spent
To win the world to peace; his message clear
Persuades the heart as it delights the ear:
We know that his abode befits him well,
For where his dwelling is the saints must dwell.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, JR

February 22, 1928.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyright, 1928)

PART IV—CHAPTERS XXIX AND XXX

Domestic Satyagraha

My first experience of jail life was in 1908. I saw that some of the regulations that the prisoners had to observe were such as should be voluntarily observed by *a brahmachari,* one desiring to practice self-restraint. Such, for instance, was the regulation requiring the last meal to be finished before sunset. Neither the Indian nor the African prisoners were allowed tea or coffee. They could add salt to the cooked food if they wanted, but they might not have anything for the mere satisfaction of the palate. When I asked the jail medical officer to give us curry powder, and to let us add salt to the food whilst it was cooking, he said: "You are not here to satisfy your palate. From the point of view of health, curry powder is not necessary, and it makes no difference whether you add salt during or after cooking."

Ultimately these restrictions were modified, though not without much difficulty, but both were wholesome rules of self-restraint. Inhibitions imposed from without rarely succeed, but when they are self-imposed they have a decidedly salutary effect. So, immediately after release from jail, I imposed on myself the two rules. I stopped taking tea as far as possible and finished my last meal before sunset also so far as possible. Both these now require no effort in the observance.

There came, however, an occasion which compelled me to give up salt altogether, which I did for an unbroken period of ten years. I had read in some books on vegetarianism that salt was not a necessary article of diet for man, that on the contrary saltless diet was better for the health. I had deduced that a *brahmachari* benefited by a saltless diet. I had read and realized that the weak-bodied should avoid pulses. I was very fond of them. Now it happened that Kasturbai, who had a brief respite after that operation, had again begun to have hemorrhages and the malady seemed to be obstinate. Hypdropathic treatment by itself did not answer. Kasturbai had not much faith in my remedies though she did not resist them. She certainly did not ask for outside help. So when all my remedies had failed, I entreated her to give up salt and pulses. She would not agree, however much I pleaded with her, supporting myself with authorities. At last she challenged me saying that even I could not give up these articles if I was advised to do so. I was pained and equally delighted, delighted in that I got an opportunity to shower my love on her. I said to her: "You are mistaken. If I was ailing and the doctor advised me to give up these or any other articles, I should unhesitatingly do so. But there! Without any medical advice, I give up salt and pulses for one year, whether you do so or not."

She was rudely shocked and exclaimed in deep sorrow: "Pray, forgive me. Knowing you, I should not have provoked you. I promise to abstain from these things, but for heaven's sake take back that vow. This is too hard on me."

"It is very good for you to give up these articles. I have not the slightest doubt that you will be all the better without them. As for me, I cannot retract a vow seriously taken. And it is sure to benefit me, for all restraint, whatever prompts it, is wholesome for man. You will therefore leave me alone. It will be a test for me, and a moral support to you in carrying out your resolve."

So she gave me up. "You are too obstinate. You will listen to none," she said, and sought relief in tears.

I would like to count this incident as an instance of Satyagraha, and as one of the sweetest recollections of my life.

After this Katurbai began to pick up quickly—whether as a result of the saltless and pulseless diet or of the other consequent changes in it, whether as a result of my strict vigilance in exacting observance of the other rules of life, or as an effect of the mental exhilaration produced by the incident, and if so to what extent, I cannot say. But she rallied quickly, hemorrhage completely stopped and I added somewhat to my reputation as a quack.

As for me, I was all the better for the new denials. I never craved for the things I had left, the year sped away, and I found the senses to be more subdued than ever. The experiment stimulated the inclination for self-restraint, and I continued the abstention from the articles until long after I returned to India. Only once I happened to take both the articles whilst I was in London in 1914. But of that occasion, and as to how I resumed both, I shall speak in a later chapter.

I have tried the experiment of a saltless and pulseless diet on many of my co-workers, and with good results in South Africa. Medically there may be two opinions as to the value of a saltless and pulseless diet, but morally I have no doubt that all self-denial is good for the soul. The diet of a man of self-restraint must be different from that of a man of pleasure just as their ways of life are different. Aspirants after *brahmacharya* often defeat their own end by adopting courses suited to a life of pleasure.

Towards Self-Restraint

I have described in the last chapter how Kasturbai's illness was instrumental in bringing about some changes in my diet. At the later stage more changes were introduced for the sake of supporting *brahmacharya.*

The first of these was the giving up of milk. It was from Raychandbhai that I first learned that milk stimulated animal passion. Books on vegetarianism strengthened the idea, but so long as I had not taken the *brahmacharya* vow I could not make up my mind to give up milk. I had long realized that milk was not necessary for keeping the body, but it was not easy to give it up. As the necessity for avoiding milk in the interests of self-restraint was growing upon me, I happened to come across some literature from Calcutta describing the tortures to which cows and buffaloes were subjected by their keepers. This had a wonderful effect on me. I discussed it with Mr. Kallenbach.

Though I have introduced Mr. Kallenbach to the readers of the *History of Satyagraha in South Africa,* and referred to him in a previous chapter, I think it necessary to say something more about him here. We met quite by accident. He was a friend of Mr. Khan's,

and as the latter had discovered a vein of other worldliness deep down in him, he introduced him to me. When I came to know him I was startled at his love of luxury and extravagance. But at our very first meeting, he asked searching questions concerning matters of religion. We incidentally talked of Gautama Buddha's renunciation. Our acquaintance soon ripened into very close friendship, so much so that we thought alike, and he was convinced that he must carry out in his life the changes I was making in mine. When we met he was single, and was expending Rs. 1,200 monthly on himself, over and above house rent. Now he reduced himself to such simplicity that his expenses came to Rs. 120 per month. Since the breaking up of my household and my first release from jail, we began to live together. It was a fairly hard life that we led.

It was during this time that we had the discussion about milk. Mr. Kallenbach said: "We constantly talk about the harmful effects of milk. Why then do not we give it up? It is certainly not necessary." I was agreeably surprised at the suggestion which I warmly welcomed, and both of us pledged ourselves to abjure milk there and then. This was on the Tostoy Farm in the year 1912.

But this denial was not enough to satisfy me. Soon after this I decided to live on a purely fruit diet, and that too composed of the cheapest fruit possible. Our ambition was to live the life of the poorest people.

The fruit diet turned out to be very convenient too. Cooking was practically done away with. Raw groundnuts, bananas, dates, lime and olive oil composed our usual diet.

I must here utter a warning for the aspirants of *brahmacharya*. Though I have made out an intimate connection between diet and *brahmacharya*, it is certain that mind is the principal thing. A mind consciously unclean cannot be cleansed by fasting. Modifications in diet have no effect on it. The concupiscence of the mind cannot be rooted out except by intense self-examination, surrender to God, and lastly grace. But there is an intimate connection between the mind and the body, and the carnal mind always lusts for delicacies and luxuries. To obviate this tendency dietetic restrictions and fasting would appear to be necessary. The carnal mind instead of controlling the senses becomes their slave, and therefore the body always needs clean and the least stimulating foods and periodical fasting.

And therefore those who make light of dietetic restrictions and fasting are as much in error as those who stake their all on them. My experience teaches me that for those whose minds are working towards self-restraint dietetic restrictions and fasting are very helpful. In fact, without their help concupiscence cannot be completely rooted out of the mind.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

The Youth Movement in Germany

The beginnings of the German youth movement go back to the years before the war, but it was only after the war that it gained influence. Those young men who had gone through the war had formed a different conception of life.

This young generation protests against the materialism and the impiety of the world, and is fighting against that rigid capitalism that has sprung up after the war and whose outstanding representative in Germany was Hugo Stinnes. Plato's Eros is their ideal, they preach love for mankind, love for the universe. The physical world is for them only a symbol helping them to understand those supernatural forces that lie behind it. It is their firm belief in eternal values that lifts them above the materialism of the prewar generations. Especially two periods have had a predominant influence on this generation: The Middle Ages and the epoch of romanticism, for in those periods the German spirit manifested itself more clearly than ever. Eckehardt, the mystic, and Fichte, the idealist, have become the leaders of these young Germans; it is their ideals that they want to live up to. They turn their back on industrialism, for in their opinion "the necessities of industrialism lie behind militarism and political activities today." Their ideal type of man is not primarily rational and theological, but instinctive and emotional, a man endowed with a strong will. They want to fight and to overcome the mechanization of modern civilization, by emphasizing the value of the individual and its creative power. From this point of view they attack the reorganization of society. Under the present system the working man is but a machine, or part of a machine doing day by day the same work, a work that has no meaning to him; he has no chance at all to use his creative power; he is nothing but a tool without a soul.

Another interesting feature of this movement is the extraordinary enthusiasm these young people have for pedestrian tours. The motives that impel them to make these trips are various. In the main it is love of nature; but this love of nature is not only aesthetic, but predominantly religious. For them nature is a manifestation of that eternal force or idea, no matter what you call it, that lies behind the material world. They wish to harmonize themselves with nature, to surrender themselves to those supernatural forces. Their religion is that of Goethe and Moricke and all the great German poets and thinkers. You may call it pantheism or mysticism (in the philosophical sense) the name is unimportant.

This movement is not very uniform and homogeneous. It is split into numerous groups. You will find them among all classes, among the students as well as among the young working men. They differ from each other in many things, but they agree in one thing: that the only riches worth seeking are those of the heart and soul. Therefore they are against economic and intellectual capitalism. Knowledge does not mean power to them, at least not in the old positivist sense. They do not want to acquire knowledge because they want power, but because they want to become better men. For them the true value of instruction does not lie in its quantity, but in its assimilation.

It would be wrong to believe that these young people are nothing but dreamers who are chasing the rainbow. On the contrary, they have a strong sense of reality, they keep their feet on the ground, which is shown by the fact that most of them stand for the democratic republic as the only form of government possible under the present conditions. This generation of which the leaders of tomorrow will arise is the strongest bulwark of the young German Republic.

JOHANNES KLEIN.

The Study Table

Dr. Wendte's Remarkable Autobiography

II

In the preceding section of this review, attention was given to the story of Dr. Wendte's service to Unitarianism, found mainly in Volume I of his Autobiography. In this section, we glance rapidly at his work for Liberal Religion as a whole, the account of which is given in his Volume II.

Dr. Wendte never confined his fellowship or his interest to religious liberals calling themselves by the Unitarian name. While he regarded that name as one of the greatest and best in the world and always preferred it to any other as a designation for his own faith and work, all his life he reached out in a spirit of warm fellowship toward Universalists, Liberal Quakers, Reform Jews, Liberals in orthodox churches, and Liberals outside of all churches. Thus he was always a worker in many ways for the cause of Liberal Religion in its widest sense. But by far his greatest service to Liberal Religion as a whole was that of organizing (taking the initiative in organizing) and bearing the main burden in managing and carrying to success two series of great Liberal Religious Congresses, one International and one American. The International Congresses were the earlier in time and the more important of the two. Let us give attention first to them.

He tells us that in assuming the heavy responsibility of initiating and managing (really creating) these congresses, he felt he was undertaking probably the most important work of his life.

The Congresses were something new: there never had been anything just like them. Doubtless they were suggested in a measure by the great Parliament of Religions held in connection with the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. But they were not the same. That Parliament was not really one of Liberal Religion. Its aim was to bring together all religions whether liberal or not, with the purpose of creating world-wide friendly relations. Moreover, it was an isolated thing, planned and managed without any expectation of, or relation to, a successor. On the contrary, the Congresses which Dr. Wendte and his associates were undertaking were to be gatherings of men who were distinctly religious Liberals, aiming to strengthen and advance the cause of distinctly Liberal Religion; and their plan was not one Congress only, but a succession of Congresses, intended to go on and on.

The movement to create the International Congresses was initiated in Boston in the year 1900, by a group of eminent representatives of Liberal religious associations in no less than nine or ten countries, who had come to Boston to join in the celebration of the Seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the American Unitarian Association. These men formed an organization which they called "The International Council of Religious Liberals," the distinct and main purpose of which was to hold International Congresses such as have been mentioned.

The first Congress was held in London in 1901. It was followed by five others—in Amsterdam, Holland (1903); in Geneva, Switzerland (1905); in Boston (1907); in Berlin (1910); in Paris (1911). Then came the interruption of the Great War.

The London Congress, inaugurating the series, was a great gathering. There were strong and efficient English helpers, notably Rev. Copeland Bowie, Secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and Dr. Estlin Carpenter, Principal of the Manchester College at Oxford; but the great inspirer, organizer and leader was Dr. Wendte.

There was a great religious service held in St. James' Hall, with two thousand people present, the eloquent Rev. Stopford Brooke preaching the sermon. There was a great public meeting in Westminster Town Hall. Gatherings were held in Essex Hall, famous for its historic memories of eminent Unitarians—Theophilus Lindsay, Thomas Belsham, Benjamin Franklin and others. There was a brilliant social affair at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colors, notable for its fine art. Nearly all the countries of Europe were represented by speakers and other delegates; as were India and, of course, America. The Congress closed with a reception by the Lord Mayor and "Mayoress" of London at the Mansion House.

The Congress in Amsterdam, although not so large as two or three others, was in its spirit and influence one of the best. Liberal Religion is strong in Holland.

The Congress in Geneva was peculiarly interesting, partly because of the remarkable religious history of the city. Geneva was the home of Calvin. Here Servetus was burned. From here, John Knox, trained by Calvin, went to Scotland to do his remarkable work there. Think of a great Congress of Liberal Religion held in the city where Calvin had ruled with an iron hand. Something happened during the Congress which seems one of the strangest anomalies of history: the eminent American Unitarian clergyman, Dr. Minot Savage, actually preached from the pulpit of John Calvin.

> God's ways seem dark, but soon or late
> They touch the shining hills of day.

About one-third of the churches in all Switzerland are now Unitarian.

The Boston Congress was the largest of all in numbers of attendants. Twenty-four hundred persons registered themselves as members, paying the Congress fee; and a much larger number took part in the proceedings. The large halls provided were too small, and overflow meetings had to be organized. At times, three well attended meetings were held at the same hour. The Unitarian Building on Beacon street, which was the headquarters of the Congress, was seldom, if ever, so crowded. No Congress in the entire series was more widely representative. Indeed, difficult of belief as it may seem to some, it is probably safe to say that at no other gathering ever held has there been so large and distinguished a body of representatives of the most enlightened and progressive religious thought of all the leading nations of mankind.

The Congress in Berlin was very large, second only to that in Boston. Nor was it much, if any, less widely representative. Speakers or delegates from thirty different nations were present. Dr. Wendte writes:

> In the vast audiences, filling the floors, galleries and pulpit platforms of the buildings where we met, I witnessed most inspiring and remarkable sights,—men and women of all classes, but as intelligent as could be found anywhere—the majority Germans, of course, for we were in a German city, but besides them and with them large delegations from America, England and other European nations, and representatives from almost every important nation on earth. Striking features were, a tall Sikh professor from the Punjab (India), with impressive tur-

ban and flowing yellow robes; an intelligent-looking Buddhist teacher from Ceylon; a dreamy-eyed Brahmin, plunged in meditation even in a crowd; a swarthy representative of the Hindu Theists in the garb of a British ecclesiastic; Japanese with finely-chiselled, mobile features; Chinese students, impassive, yet keen to note the proceedings; even a red Indian from America; dark-skinned Armenians,—it was truly an international gathering, and all seated together in harmony and good-will. . . . On the platforms were prominent clergy, professors, theologians, religious leaders of many faiths and from many countries. The speeches were wonderfully interesting as revealing the characteristics of each people or nation represented: Pastor Reyss of Paris, with French wit and enthusiasm; Pastor Konow of Norway, with the vigor and abruptness of the Norseman; Professor Meyboom, fair-minded and good-natured, as one expects in a Dutchman; Rev. Tudor Jones, with Welsh fire, bringing messages from far-off Australia and New Zealand; Professor Masaryk of Prague, keenly intellectual, bringing greetings from the land of Huss to the land of Luther; Dr. Bisbee, Universalist, bringing greetings from America; Rev. Lapalla, speaking for Finland; Rev. P. L. Sen for India; Professor Minami for Japan; Miss Westenholz, from Denmark, giving a brilliant address.

The Congress in Paris was a notable one. Many eminent scholars, authors and religious leaders from many countries were present. One of the meetings was presided over by Pastor Wagner, whose book, "The Simple Life," President Roosevelt made famous in America. The Congress had been promised an address by the distinguished orator, Pere Hyacinthe, whose sermons once drew such crowds to the Notre Dame Cathedral. But he died before the Congress assembled. His son, Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, took his place, speaking on "Liberal Protestantism in France."

A whole day of the Congress was devoted to papers, addresses and discussions on the Contributions of France to Religious Freedom and Progress. Dr. Samuel Eliot, President of the American Unitarian Association, led with a strong paper on those brave early defenders of religious liberty and martyrs to religious intolerance in France, the Albigenses, Vaudois, Cathari, etc. Addresses were given by well-known European scholars on "Voltaire's Contribution to Religion," "Rousseau's Contribution to Religion and Human Freedom," and "Calvin's Contribution to Political Liberty and Democracy." It was shown that

Voltaire, in spite of his mocking spirit and frequent cynicism, was fundamentally sincere and religious. He believed in God, immortality, universal morality, and humanity. He admired the character and life of Jesus. He hated superstition and was the brave champion of tolerance. He was the greatest exposer of wrongs in the eighteenth century.

There was an interesting and many-sided discussion by eminent thinkers on the question, "Is a Universal Religion Possible or Desirable? If so, How Is It to Be Attained?" And another of great practical interest on "The Social Ideals of Progressive Religion." The question of the proper attitude of Liberal Christians to the non-Christian religious, aroused a very interesting discussion. A discussion even more earnest and widely participated in was created by the final topic of the Congress: "The Defense of Religious Liberty."

It was planned to follow the Paris Congress (1913) with something still more ambitious and on a larger scale than anything as yet undertaken. From the first, the Congresses were designed to be world-wide in their character. But how could they be, if confined to cities in the West—Europe and America? It was felt that the time had fully come when one more Congress (if possible a series of several) ought to be held in the Orient. Accordingly a bold determination to this effect was formed. The following ambitious, but it was believed wholly feasible, scheme was laid out: A small group of religious liberals of different affiliations to start from New York or Boston in the early fall of 1914; cross to London for a preliminary Congress; having added to its number other English and continental liberals, proceed to Budapest in Hungary for a second Congress; then on to a great Mohammedan city, either Constantinople or Cairo, for a third; thence to the Orient for Congresses in India, China and Japan; and finally cross the Pacific to California for a final Congress in San Francisco, in connection with the Panama World Fair.

Of course, to make arrangements for carrying to success so unique and extensive a plan involved an immense amount of labor. But Dr. Wendte pushed forward the great task with unfailing courage and energy. The encouragement and cooperation received from influential associations and eminent leaders connected with all the religions of the Orient were most gratifyingly hearty and strong, and the prospect was that the Congresses would all be in a very high degree successful.

But alas! Out of a clear sky came a storm that nobody could foresee. As the arrangements for the Congresses were rapidly approaching completion, the Great War broke out, and, of course, stopped everything. For a year or two the local managing committees in the East, and Dr. Wendte and others in the West, hoped that the war would be brief and therefore that the plans made for the Congresses might still be carried out with only a little delay. But the long continuation of the war destroyed that anticipation. The disappointment everywhere was very great; of course, greatest with Dr. Wendte himself, who had put into the splendid project (one of the most important of his life) so much heart and such an enormous amount of labor. However, he is not without hope that some time, at no very distant day, the happy plan, which promised so much, may be taken up again and carried to full consummation.

One of the most fascinating parts of Dr. Wendte's book is his story of this dramatic and daring plan practically to girdle the earth with a series of Liberal Religious Congresses.

J. T. Sunderland.

(*To be Continued.*)

To Sandino and His Nicaraguan Patriots

Brothers in freedom, brothers in truth,
We hail the faith of your rebel youth.

We hail the patriot that defies
The tyrant's threats and the bully's lies
With the sun of courage steeling his eyes.

We hail the comrades who will dare
Face death from the land and the sea and the air—

We, whose scornful tongues burn like flame,
We, whose lips are crying shame, shame,
On the men who defile America's name!

Lucia Trent.

Correspondence

Echoes of the Anniversary from Our Contemporaries

I

The Jewish Tribune

At just about the time we celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of *The Jewish Tribune*. another paper, which is edited in the same spirit, celebrates its fiftieth anniversary. This is UNITY, edited by John Haynes Holmes and a staff of editorial contributors and foreign correspondents consisting of the leading representatives of liberal thought, who are working for the unity of those forces throughout the world which stand for righteousness and peace in all human relations and between the nations of the world. UNITY was the first American paper to advocate the outlawry of war as the only effective road to international peace.

We greet our contemporary on its happy day and pray that it may be able to continue to carry on its useful work until its aim is achieved.

II

The Christian Century

Fifty years ago Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones and a group of religious liberals launched a modest craft on the journalistic sea. It was named UNITY. The attainment of its half century milestone brought together some three hundred of the present readers of UNITY at a banquet held at the Blackstone hotel in Chicago, February 29. Addresses were made by a long list of speakers including Jane Addams, Salmon O. Levinson, Raymond Robins, Rev. Curtis W. Reese, Mrs. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Rabbi Louis L. Mann, Frederick Starr, and others, including the editor of *The Christian Century*, culminating at the end in the presentation of Rev. John Haynes Holmes, the present editor of UNITY. Doctor Holmes edits this brave and sparkling organ from New York, where he is pastor of the Community church, though it is published in Chicago. The expressions at the banquet and those published in an ambitious 48-page anniversary number of UNITY, indicate how deep a hold the paper has upon the affections of its readers. For forty years Doctor Jones was its editor. It was his personal organ. Naturally the celebration became a kind of memorial event, calling forth many remembrances of that doughty prophet who taught and wrought for righteousness in Chicago with a degree of vigor and ethical insight perhaps unmatched by any preacher this city ever produced. He was the founder of Abraham Lincoln Center. During the war he took and kept an out-an-out pacifist position, which the government penalized by rejecting UNITY for four weeks from the mails. It was recalled at the banquet that the issue which precipitated government action contains copious quotations from the sermon on the mount. Dr. Holmes carries on the journalistic ministry of his predecessor in the same vigorous and independent spirit. His discovery, and presentation to American readers, of the biography of Gandhi has put a much wider constituency than the subscribing readers of UNITY in his debt. UNITY has the distinction of being the first periodical to give its editorial support to the idea of outlawing war, a distinction which is only eclipsed by the intelligent and unslackened support which it has given to the movement down to date. Substantial gifts were announced at the Chicago dinner toward an endowment fund to make good the paper's annual deficit. The *Christian Century* extends congratulations to UNITY and to its editor, whose unwavering courage helps to keep courage alive in many hearts where he little suspects it.

III

The Christian Register

UNITY, that adventurous organ of applied liberal religion, published in Chicago, Ill., and edited by John Haynes Holmes, recently passed its fiftieth birthday. Its half-century of continuous publication was commemorated by an addition of $53,000 to its endowment and the issuance of a forty-eight page anniversary number under date of March 5. . . .

Mr. Holmes and his associates have carried on the noble traditions of Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Without ceasing they have championed the right of free speech, free press, and free assemblage against espionage and censorship acts, raids by "Red" hunters, and intimidation methods in labor disputes. They have carried on the crusade for world peace. While many readers dissent from Mr. Holmes in his opposition to the League of Nations, they respect his fearlessness and integrity, and more generally side with him in his advocacy of the outlawry of war. Following Levinson's pioneer article on the later plan in 1921, David Starr Jordan, the late Charles F. Dole, John Dewey, and other writers have endorsed this measure in pages of UNITY.

To mention only a few other recent journalistic landmarks, there were several series of articles on Russia, beginning in 1919, to counteract what the editor called "the most gigantic conspiracy of lies ever attempted in the entire history of mankind"; analyses of the Sacco-Vanzetti case by Eugene Lyons, Alice Stone Blackwell, the editor, and other writers to show that race and class prejudice resulted in a verdict unsubstantiated by the evidence; and the autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi, "The Story of My Experiments With Truth," given American publication exclusively in UNITY.

IV

"The Unitarian Monthly"

Though somewhat belated, may I venture to congratulate you on the Fiftieth Anniversary Number of your UNITY? It is always of considerable interest to me to receive your paper and to see what you are doing, especially for the reason that I am in cordial sympathy with the sociological and humanitarian ideas which find expression in its pages. Your special March issue is a worthy memorial of the fine work done in the past by the late Jenkin Lloyd Jones and his colleagues,—as well as by their successors. I had the privilege and pleasure of attending the meetings of the Boston International Congress of 1907, and of seeing and hearing Mr. Jones, Mr. Wendte, and others of their fellowship.

I ought to claim some relationship to you. My *Unity* started under that name, but now for some years known as the *Unitarian Monthly* is really your younger brother. Next September it completes its 25th year. It stands for the idea of UNITY both in religion and life, national and international. I am so much in cordial sympathy with you that I regret that you take a somewhat hard and mistaken view of the very difficult British task in India and in Egypt. But that does not prevent me from asking you to accept my most cordial good wishes. May UNITY—your UNITY go on prospering in its great mission for justice, truth, and world brotherhood, and live another fifty years in the shaping of a new humanity.

Yours fraternally,
H. BODELL SMITH.

Echoes of the Anniversary from Our Readers

I

Editor of UNITY:

Your 50th Anniversary number was a wonderful issue —vitally interesting and illuminating! Here's hoping that it survives another half-century, with continued and increasing power for world-fellowship, Rationalism and sanity in both religion and government.

Yours hopefully, for a better
world, here and now, through
peace and understanding,
SPENCER M. DE GOLIER.
President American Rationalist Assn.

II

Editor of UNITY:

UNITY's "Golden Anniversary" was indeed a "Hummer" and replete with cogent thought-provoking truth. And the last March 12 number is replete with good things among which one must not forget "In Memoriam," Dr. Crapey, and Brother V. V. Oak's masterly presentation of "Crime in America," the best and most trenchant picture one would desire to see. Not to mention Brother Gandhi's autobiography, ever interesting and instructive. And your "No-Ad" policy suits me to a "T." . . .

Many more Fifties to you and UNITY.

WILLIAM EDWARDS.

Sebastian, Florida.

III

Editor of UNITY:

Enclosed please find check in renewal of my subscription to the best, by far, of many magazines that come into

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH WORKERS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA NATIONAL CONFERENCE

The Community Church, Mountain Lakes, New Jersey, May 15, 16, 17, 1928, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday

Registration $2.00

Welcome to Mountain Lakes, New Jersey.

Delegates to the National Conference of The Community Church Workers of the United States of America will receive a very cordial welcome May 15, 16 and 17. The entire Community is planning on entertaining them in excellent shape and the Committees under the General Chairmanship of Mr. Ira A. Snyder are already making arrangements for their comfort and pleasure.

Registration is $2.00 out of which most of the expenses of the Conference will be met. Entertainment for delegates is free of charge for lodging and meals, with the exception of the large public dinner on the first night. At the out-of-doors dinner, Mr. E. R. Leonard of Mountain Lakes will act as host to the delegates.

Mountain Lakes is a New York suburb within fifty minutes of the city on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad with trains out from New York at all hours and trains from Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland and other points west. Clergy certificates are good on this line, either direction. There is also bus service from all nearby cities including New York City, leaving New York City from the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Mountain Lakes is beautifully situated as a residential park covering a large area surrounding six lakes and built right out in the wilderness with the natural beauties unimpaired. To see it is to love it. Homes are being opened for the entertainment of delegates and we believe the entire conference will enjoy the unusual place in which it is to meet.

The Community Church, of which Rev. Richard E. Shields is the pastor, was the first and for years the only church in Mountain Lakes. It is made up of eighteen denominations. The beautiful new Church-House will accommodate all sessions of the Conference in the finest kind of way.

The program which follows has been arranged by a Committee and promises to be very interesting to Community Churchmen.

Tuesday Morning, May 15

9:30. Meeting of the Executive Committee. Rev. W. A. Cutler, Chairman. Report of the Treasurer, Samuel R. Guard.

Tuesday at 12:30

Luncheon for delegates.

Tuesday Afternoon, May 15

Presiding, Rev. Allan MacNeill, Union Church, Ridgefield Park, New Jersey.

1:30. "The Fine Arts in Religion," Professor H. Augustine Smith.

2:00. Conference Sermon, Rev. Oliver C. Weist, Pastor, The First Community Church, Columbus, Ohio; President: The Community Church Workers.

2:30. Campus Religion. "An Experiment in Co-operation," Rev. N. A. McCune, Pastor, The Community Church, East Lansing, Mich.

"Community Church at the College," Rev. Morris E. Alling, Director, The Storrs Church and Community House, Connecticut Agricultural College, Storrs, Connecticut.

Discussion.

4:00. Adoption of the Constitution. Report of the Executive Secretary, Rev. Orvis F. Jordan, Editor, "The Community Churchman." Election of new Executive Committee.

4:45. Community Church Problems. Opened by Rev. David R. Piper, author of "Community Churches," and Secretary, The David C. Cook Publishing Company.

Discussion.

5:30. Adjournment.

Tuesday at 7:00

Public Dinner.

Tuesday Evening at 8:15

Public Meeting in Church. Presiding, Rev. Oliver C. Weist.

"The Fine Arts in Religion," Professor H. Augustine Smith.

Welcome—The Honorable William R. Doremus, mayor of Mountain Lakes, New Jersey.

Devotions, led by Rev. M. Eugene Flipse of the Community Church, Douglaston, Long Island.

"America's Larger Problems," by E. C. Carter, American Secretary of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

Discussion.

Wednesday Morning, May 16

Presiding, Rev. W. A. Cutler.

9:00. Devotions, led by Professor Edwin Lewis of Drew Theological Seminary.

9:20. "The Five Year Program of Survey and Adjustment in Interdenominational Comity and Co-operation," William R. King, Executive Secretary, Home Missions Council.

Discussion.

10:15. A. City and Suburban.

Presiding, Rev. Orvis F. Jordan. Discussions led by, Worship, Professor H. Augustine Smith. Organization, Rev. Clifton Titus, The Community Church, Joplin, Missouri. Religious Education, Rev. Samuel L. Hamilton, General Secretary, the New Jersey Council of Religious Education, Newark, New Jersey. "How We United," Rev. Roderick MacLeod, Pastor, The United Church in Walpole, Walpole, Mass.

Discussion.

B. Rural.

Presiding, Rev. Morgan W. Van Tassell, Pastor, The McConnellsville Community Church, McConnellsville, New York.

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my home. It is certainly a prophetic journal and I value it to such an extent that I keep a file and preserve all issues, and what a wonderful start, for my new file, the 50th anniversary number makes!

Without UNITY in the world today I should feel like a ship without a rudder.

PARKER D. KING.

Tribute to Immigrants

Editor of UNITY:

Notwithstanding we are all immigrants on the face of the earth, the following quotation, sent me by Mary E. Hawley nineteen years ago (when she was editor of "Foreign Notes" for UNITY and a member of the Library staff housed with the John Crerar volumes in the Marshall Field building), sets my mind all atwinkle, because of its tribute to the immigrant, so much in the limelight today.

"The foreign observer in America is at once struck by the fact that the average of intelligence, as that intelligence manifests itself in the spirit of inquiry, in the interest taken in a great variety of things, and in alertness of judgment, is much higher among the masses in the United States, than anywhere else. . . . I have frequently been struck by the remarkable expansion of the horizon effected by a few years of American life in the minds of immigrants who had come from somewhat benighted regions, and by the mental enterprise and keen discernment with which they took hold of problems to which, in their comparatively torpid condition in their native countries, they had never given thought." *Carl Schurz, Memoirs, 11:79.*

ANNIE B. FORD.

Crime in America

Editor of UNITY:

I read V. V. Oak's article on "The Philosophy of the Rising Tide of Crime in America." In it is this: "A peep into the economic history of the United States, into the history of our business men, corporations, trusts, and our political parties, will show that these leaders have built the major portion of our civilization on greed, aggrandizement, selfishness, hypocrisy, and an ungodly and irreligious code of ethics."

A deeper look might reveal the fact that all that is built on unquestioning faith in the result-unit of transfer; in the notion that we can equitably trade while assuming to measure what we do for each other by some other standard than a unit of the duration of our work—exertion.

The same writer says: "Herein western civilization has failed to realize what Buddha did two thousand and five hundred years ago . . . 'The more you increase your desires, the more unhappy you are. The less the desires the smaller the amount of unhappiness.' But the western world has been caught in this mad rush for more power, more wealth, more, more, all the time."

When we understand the fundamentals of human association, we see that it is *NOT* fewer desires that we require, but desires guided by an understanding of equity. Then our desires will not take the form of a striving for power and wealth; but of a full, all round development of each individual.

VAUGHN BACHMAN BROKAW.

Phoenix, Arizona.

"Home Missions for the New Day," Dr. James S. Kittell, Board of Domestic Missions, The Reformed Church in America, New York City.

"New Rural Churches," Rev. Warren H. Wilson, Secretary, Town and Country Work, Board of National Missions, Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., New York City.

Rural Community Churches, Discussion led by Rev. Gilbert E. Counts, Pastor, The Federated Church, Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

"The Church Serving the Community," Rev. Paul T. Sanders, Pastor, Community Church, Orland, Illinois.

Discussion.

Wednesday at 12:30

Luncheon for delegates.

After luncheon, address by Mr. Daniel Chang, of China, Graduate Student in International Relations, Columbia University, New York City.

Wednesday Afternoon

Presiding, Rev. O. J. Randall, Potomac Community Church, Washington, D. C.

2:00. "The Fine Arts in Religion," Professor H. Augustine Smith.

2:30. "Community Types and Community Church Programs," Joseph Ernest McAfee, Director, Social Service Department, The Community Church, New York City.

Discussion.

3:15. Syllabus discussion, "Are There Too Many Churches on Main Street?" by Rev. C. E. Silcox, Secretary, "The Inquiry."

Wednesday Evening at 7:00

Beefsteak dinner at Wildwood Beach for delegates.

8:15. Presiding, Rev. Oliver C. Weist. Worship service in the Church. "The Fine Arts in Religion," Professor H. Augustine Smith.

"Why I Believe in the Community Church," Rev. Alva W. Taylor, Secretary of the Social Service Disciples of Christ, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Discussion.

Thursday Morning, May 17

Presiding, Mrs. Charles S. Macfarland.

9:00. Devotions, led by Professor Edwin Lewis. "The World We Live in and the Church We Need," Rev. John Nevin Sayre, Vice Chairman, The Committee on Militarism in Education, New York City.

Discussion.

9:45. Community Churches and Woman's Work, "Opportunities for Women in the Church," Mrs. Jeannette W. Emrich, Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

Discussion.

10:15. "Do Women Run the Churches?" Miss Rhoda McCulloch, Editor-in-Chief, The Women's Press, National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association.

Discussion.

11:00. "The Real Situation in China," Sidney D. Gamble traveller and lecturer, and sociologist, author of "Peking, A Social Survey."

11:30. Proposed program of the Executive Committee for another two years.

12:15. "The Fine Arts in Religion," Professor H. Augustine Smith.

Thursday at 1:00

Luncheon for delegates.

After luncheon, "Latin-America," Miss M. Marchant of Chile, Graduate Student of Columbia University, New York City.

Thursday Afternoon

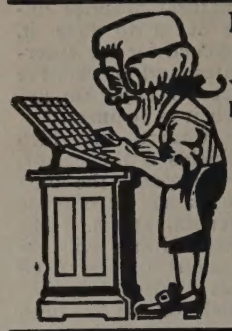
2:00. Closing session. Presiding, the newly elected president of the Community Church Workers.

"How We May Co-operate," Dr. John Milton Moore, General Secretary, The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

2:30. Final reports by the Committees.

3:00. "Christianity and Nationalism," Bishop Paul Jones, Secretary, The Fellowship of Reconciliation, New York City.

3:30. "Christianity and the World's Need," Dr. Albert Parker Fitch, The Park Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City.



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The Universe

I saw a speck of dust float by,
Revealing the glorious light.
'Tis a revelation thought I,
In Unity, dust light and sight.
What is light without an object?
Why an object without the light?
What were either light or object,
Without the consciousness of sight?

C. I. PINKHAM.

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